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The Boys Are Scrapping Now Like Mad But They Will All Line Up in the End

Chihuahua

Mexican children are bright and quick to learn. They mature two or three years earlier than American children. They pick up our language very rapidly and seem to excel in mathematics.

Agriculture in this locality seems to be carried on in a somewhat primitive way. The rainfall is light and irrigation is resorted to. Immense herds of cattle and horses

graze on the plains and mountain slopes and mining is one of the chief industries.

The mountains about Chihuahua abound in gold, silver lead and zinc and thousands of tons of ore are taken out every month. There are wonderful opportunities for American money and American enterprise in this most wonderful country.

The climate is most delightful. The bright sunshine and pure air

are health giving and enjoyable. It, to me, was wonderful from the start. Everything seemed strange and interesting. The people, their houses and their customs. We found them uniformly courteous and pleasant to the stranger, of whatever walk in life. Some of the interesting things we noticed.

We saw how they make doba brick. A young Mexican becomes enamored of a black eyed maiden, they all have large beautiful black eyes. He has no house but that is no obstacle, he goes out to a barren spot on the mesa with an old shovel and a few short pieces of board. He soon digs up a little dirt and pours some water into it. Then, if he chance to possess such a garment, he rolls up his pants and with his bare feet tramps around in the mud till it is of proper consistency and fashioning some rough moulds from his board scoops in the mud and pats it down with his hands. While he is mixing up the next batch, these are dry enough to stand alone and he moves his mould to another spot. In this way he soon has the walls of his house provided for. Five or six days in the sun and the bricks are ready for use.

His floor costs him nothing as he simply levels off a small piece of ground and sweeps it clean with a brush and the floor is complete. The roof is of more importance. He must have some heavy stringers across the top on which he lays small slivers about like a barrel stave and piles on the dirt. Then if he cares for an inside finish he plasters the walls and stretches a piece of muslin across the top which is treated with a preparation of some kind of liquid glue which causes it to shrink and renders it tight as a drum and impervious to dirt and any little rivulet of water that might seep down. The whole is then painted and the house is ready for its occupants. A window has been arranged for and an opening for a door. The door is a luxury that can be dispensed with or not according to the taste of the builder. Thus the poor Mexican has a home, homely though it may be, it is comfortable and answers every purpose.

The Mexican who owns a pig, instead of putting him in a pen, turns him out to hustle and puts some kind of a fence around his garden. Sometimes doba brick.

The Mexican woman, young or old wears a light shawl over her head and around her shoulders. It is quite becoming to her, but no American woman has ever learned to put it on with the same grace. The shawl is very convenient, it is thrown back over the shoulder and in its folds may be concealed any article she wishes to carry, even to the baby which is swung under the left arm in its folds.

The Mexican in driving a five or six mule team, rides the off tung mule and drives the others abreast with rope lines. He also has a rope running back to the brake on his wagon. The little burrow is the beast of burden. The milk man from the mountains straps a can of milk on each side of the burro and mounting between trips to the city and delivers his milk at your door. Poor patient little burro, he carries all kinds of loads. We saw him bearing loads of doba brick, of wood and of dirt. They pile corn fodder on his back and down his sides till only his feet and nose are visible and he trudges patiently along. The Mexican without the burro would be lost.

The laundry work of the city, to a great extent, is done in a very primitive manner. A Mexican woman calls for your soiled linen and takes it away and you see no more of it till it is returned to you washed and ironed, unless you

chance to wander down to the small river that runs through the city. There you will see a novel sight. The river is but a small stream but like our western Kansas streams, it has a broad sandy bed. Unlike the Kansas rivers, there are plenty of broad flat rocks along its course. These flat rocks the women use as wash boards. Neeling in the water each near such a rock you will see scores of women, dousing your garments into the water, soaping them and rubbing them on the rocks. When they are supposed to be clean, they are hung on a brush, if there chance to be one handy, otherwise they are spread out on the sand to dry with a rock or two laid on the corners to keep them from blowing off. When dry the sand all shakes off and the clothes are ready for the smoothing iron. The method is somewhat primitive but seems to answer every purpose. It surely is a novel sight to look down the river and see every shrub for a half mile or more, as well as the sand banks, covered with clothing and the river full of busy women. I do not know how these poor women managed during the two or three days of the big snow during the winter. I suppose they laid off.

The lower class of the men seem to be a shiftless class of mere do well fellows, who lounge about in the parks a good portion of their time and only work from direct necessity. They treat a stranger with courtesy and seem unobtrusive and submissive. The higher classes are educated and cultured and live in great luxury.

One of the most delightful afternoons I spent in Chihuahua was one in which my daughter and her roommate, Miss Pearl Herst and I drove out 6 miles to the summer home of Ex. Gov. Terrazas. The drive itself was most delightful over a good road in a bright spring sun and pleasant breeze, among strange and to me, novel surroundings. The home itself is a veritable palace. A large square tract of ground is inclosed with a high stone wall and in the center stands a most magnificent square structure of stone, surrounded on every side with flowers and shrubs and ornamental plants, grass plats and walks. On each of the four sides of the house is a very large portico with lofty columns. The verandas are painted in pleasing tints and decorated with beautiful frescoes. Broad stone steps lead up to the entrance on each side. We were very courteously invited into the house and graciously received by Madam Terrazas herself, who chanced to be there. She delegated one of her little granddaughters to show us through the house.

The first or reception room is a grand, large, square room with lofty arched ceiling that ends in a dome at the top of the house. The whole room, walls ceiling, furniture, carpet and everything but the piano, is finished in white and gold. It is, indeed, a most gorgeous room. There are rows of elegantly furnished bed rooms to the left, in which nothing seems omitted that exquisite taste could suggest and money buy. To the right is the large dining room, capable of seating a hundred guests. The china closet displayed a wealth of beautiful china while the cabinet of cut glass almost dazzled the eye with its sparkling brightness. All told the buildings and grounds of this beautiful place almost eclipse our ideas of Oriental luxury. They show what money will do when used with intelligence and good taste. The owner of this beautiful country seat is one of the prominent men of the republic. He was a leading general in the revolution under Diaz that made the latter president of the republic. He is very wealthy and influential. His

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wealth is estimated at \$50,000,000. He has one ranch, through which the Mexican Central runs, the long way, which is said to be 112 miles long and 50 miles wide.

Its mountains are rich in mineral and in the broad valleys about 400,000 cattle graze together with numberless horses and other stock. Besides this he owns much valuable property in the city. He owns a bank and is interested in most of the manufacturing enterprises. He is public spirited and enterprising. He employs a regular army of men and wields a great power in the state, seemingly for its upbuilding and betterment.

It is about time for the Republicans in the lower house of congress to kick over the traces and give Oklahoma statehood. There is not one single valid argument for keeping this populous and prosperous territory out of the union any longer. We cannot quite understand why our congressman flinch when the speaker cracks his whip.

The Republicans of this county and of the Third district seem to be solidly behind our old fellow citizen George Wheatly for railroad commissioner. George has richly earned a second nomination.

J. M. Nation, candidate for state auditor passed through Chanute, Sunday. He had been attending the Cowley county convention where he received a hearty endorsement.

Attorney General Hadley, of Missouri, is now moving on the railroads of Missouri for combining against the interests of commerce.

A nephew of our friend W. H. Weeks, of this city, is a prominent candidate for the mayoralty of his home city, Mt. Clemens, Michigan. He is a son of Congressman Weeks who was a brother of W. H. of Chanute.

The story from Fredonia of a female schoolteacher, of Buxton, passing herself off for a man is likely to prove a silly canard.

The K. U. Glee club is out on a tour.

GIRLS GAVE HOSE TO CITY

But It Was not the Kind to Put Out Fires—Merely Stockings

The local fire department is in need of hose—the kind you squirt water through—and it was decided yesterday to pass a subscription paper among the citizens to raise the price. A young man took charge of the paper and in making his rounds called on the young women students of Bowler and Miller halls, asking their aid. This morning he found a clothesline stretched across the street in front of his house to which were pinned some thirty feminine stockings of assorted styles. A placard bore this inscription:

"The ladies of Bowler and Miller halls take pleasure in contributing thirty feet of hose to the support of the Hiram fire department."